



PICTURES
BY
LANDSEER



(ca 1882)

OSB
NS -
LANDSEER
[1882]

for
C.2



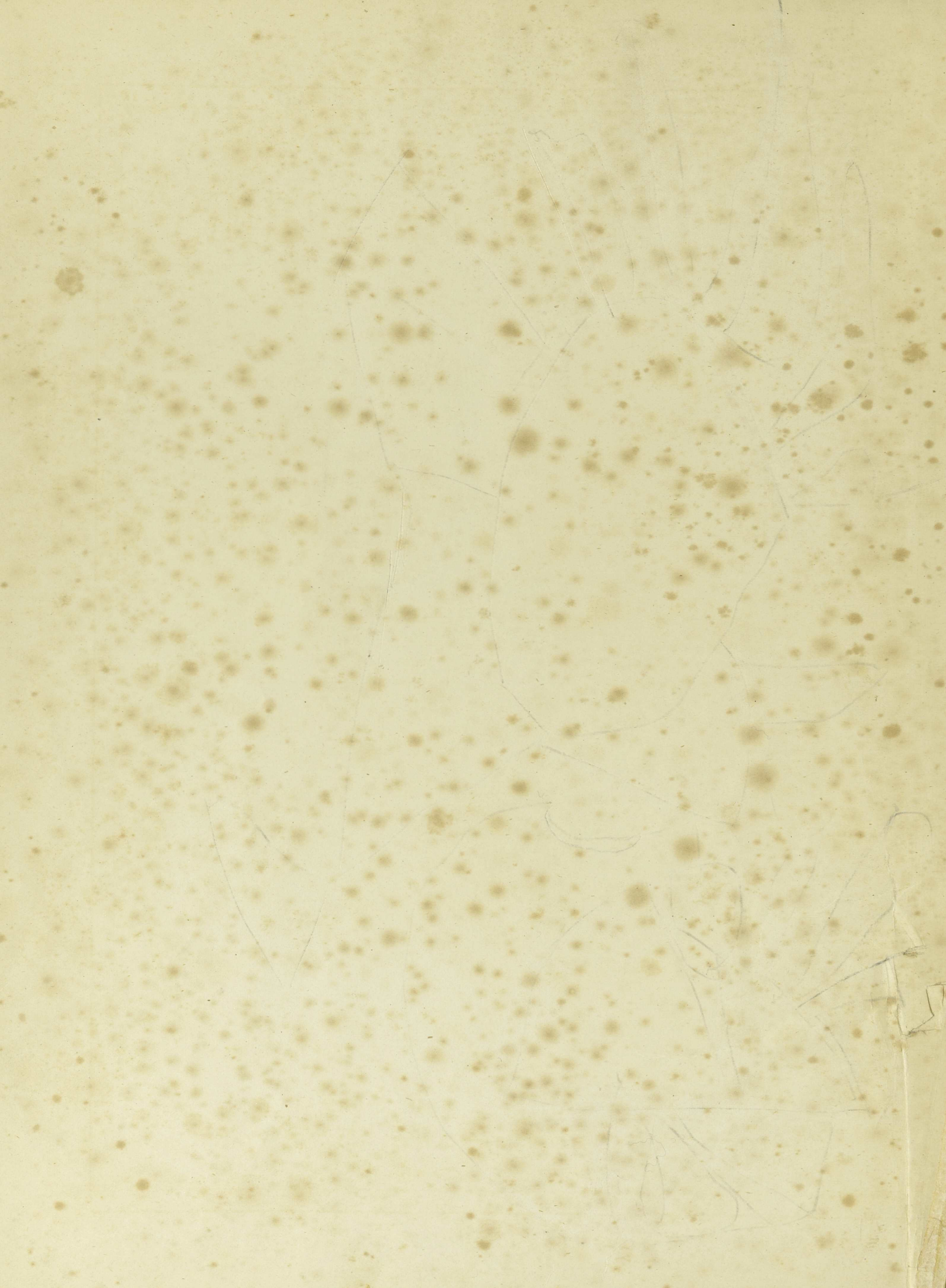
THE
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES
COLLECTION

A Bequest to
THE OSBORNE COLLECTION - TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
in memory of
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children
ANN ALYCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

99E14KNC 37131053593992

Margaret A. Scobie

With Aunt Alice's Love



THE LANDSEER SERIES

OF

PICTURE BOOKS.

CONTAINING

SIXTEEN COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS,

AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.



Thomas Nelson and Sons,
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.



RETURN FROM THE WARREN.

DID you ever visit a rabbit-warren? It is often a sandy heath, where numbers of wild rabbits live in holes in the ground. They lie asleep in these holes during the day; but when the red sun goes down in the west, and the silver moon sheds her soft light upon the earth, the rabbits wake up and come forth to enjoy themselves. If you stand quietly a little distance off, you will catch sight of their white tails as they frisk by hundreds among the ferns and heather. Some are cropping the soft grass, and some standing on their hind legs to nibble the tender shoots of the furze-bushes. Others skip and run in the moonlight, and lie down panting for breath after the leaping and racing. Look where you will, the whole warren seems to teem with happy life.

Rabbits are very timid. The least noise alarms them, and if you were only to clap your hands, they would all be down in their holes under ground in a moment. Pretty and bright-eyed as they are, the farmer does not like them, because they will not always stay among the ferns and furze-bushes, but wander into his fields, when he is fast asleep, to eat the newly-springing corn. He was pleased to see it growing so nicely, and is grieved that the tender

RETURN FROM THE WARREN.

blades should be eaten off. And it vexes him that the rabbits should also steal at night into his well-kept garden, and not only devour his lettuces, but even munch away at his wife's pinks and carnations, which were just about to open their sweet blossoms. So the farmer makes war with the frisking rabbits that do him mischief, and destroys as many as he can catch.

And yet we feel sorry they must die, and more sorry still that there are young people who think it good sport to hunt them out of their holes with ferrets and dogs.

See that nice-looking boy on the pretty pony in the picture. He has been with his clever dogs to a warren to kill as many rabbits as he could, and he seems well pleased that four hang dead across his saddle behind him. The dogs are pleased also, and wag their tails when their young master praises them for what they have done.

Of course the rabbits must be killed, as they are good food for man, and the land would be overrun with them if they were not destroyed; still we cannot but regret that putting them to death should give delight rather than pain. Dogs know no better than to take pleasure in worrying and killing the furry creatures that cannot defend themselves; but kind-hearted children will never enjoy such cruel sport. They would say, "You tell us the poor rabbits must be destroyed; but we have watched them frisking for joy in the twilight, and we would rather not see them die."

DASH, HECTOR, NERO, AND LORY.

WE once knew a little boy whose parents gave him some beautiful gold-fish for a birth-day present. He was very pleased with them, and loved to feed them and to watch their graceful movements as they swam about in the clear water in their bowl of glass. But one day the boy's face seemed to have lost its happy look, and we asked him if he had ceased to care for the pretty gold-fish of which he was once so fond. He answered, "No;" but said he often wished he had "something he could stroke." He was very happy when we told him he should have a tame mouse which allowed a child to coax it, and went away with a bright smile to ask his parents' leave to take it home.

We did not wonder at the wish of the little boy to have "something to stroke," for all kind children have the same desire. Whether the pet be a pony or a donkey, a cat or a dog, it must be stroked whenever the boy or girl comes near it. We have seen a small ragged child sitting in a gutter stroking a very dirty tame goose; and we have also heard that our good Queen was once fond of stroking those handsome dogs, named Dash, Hector, and Nero, which you see in the picture. Those dogs

DASH, HECTOR, NERO, AND LORY.

were well cared for, and were never hungry like some poor animals; and how often they must have wagged their tails and tried to lick our Queen's soft hand when she stroked their smooth heads and patted their backs and said, "Good dog!"

Doubtless she stroked the bright plumage of the pretty lory, or parrot, also. It was a very tame bird, and she petted it greatly, for it was a present to her from one she loved very dearly. She cared for it so much that she had its likeness painted; and the picture hangs in one of her palace-homes.

Birds often enjoy the feeling of having their feathers smoothed down by children's light hands. Tame pigeons or doves sit very still to be gently stroked; and we have seen a large fat hen standing quietly on a log of wood beside a lady who softly stroked its smooth brown back.

And what parent does not delight to place a loving hand on the head of a dear, obedient child and smooth his shining hair? And what good child, when he feels the kind hand's pressure, does not pity the poor boys and girls who have no fathers and mothers to show them this token of love? If a child has no one to love him, he should have something to love. So it will be well if he can keep "something to stroke."





SHEPHERD'S DOG IN THE SNOW.

HOW sad it must be to be caught in a snow-storm upon the hills! In a few moments the sky is dark with clouds, and many a poor traveller has wandered in the blinding snow and sleet, benumbed with cold, till at length, tired out with trying to find a path which would lead to a place of shelter, he has sunk down in despair and slept the sleep of death far from friends and home. Sometimes a poor wanderer has been saved by a good dog that has been sent to seek him, with a bottle hanging to its collar, in which was some warm cordial to revive the traveller if faint. And the weary man, who seemed just ready to perish, has drunk of the cordial and risen with new strength to follow the brave dog to the home of the kind people who sent it to his help.

When a snow-storm rages, the shepherd is very anxious to get all his sheep safely into the fold as soon as possible; and if one is missing, he bids his good dog go at once to seek it. Despite the howling wind which uproots the trees, and the fury of the tempest, the faithful creature hurries over the hills on his errand of mercy. Perhaps he finds the lost sheep lying weak and helpless, half buried in a snow-drift. How he scratches away till he has

SHEPHERD'S DOG IN THE SNOW.

removed the white covering! Then he barks, and pushes the sheep, and even gives it now and then a slight bite, that he may make it rise, and that he may drive it home before him. If the dog does not succeed, he will run back to his master and ask him by signs for assistance, which will soon be given, and the poor sheep brought safely home.

The shepherd values his dogs highly, as well he may. No task which he sets them seems too hard for them to perform. They watch his face, and even before he speaks they act as if they knew what he was going to say. Thus we cannot wonder that when a sheep-dog dies his owner should sorrow over him as if he had lost a dear friend. He cannot forget his faithful service and loving ways, and knows not how he shall manage his flock without him. He must begin at once to train a young dog to tend the sheep; but he cannot help feeling it will never quite fill the place of the valued creature he has lost.

No one can say good-bye to a true friend without a feeling of sorrow, even though that friend be only a poor dog. And if the shepherd drops a tear or two over the faithful creature lying cold and dead, he need not be ashamed of his grief. Hard indeed must be the heart which is not sad at the loss of a trusty dog.

COLLIE DOGS.

THE shepherd has left his flock for a time in the charge of his two faithful dogs, and he has no cause to fear that any harm will come to his well-cared-for sheep in his absence. They crop the short grass in peace upon the breezy hills, watched by the trusty dogs, who will not suffer one of them to stray beyond the bounds of safety. See the brown dog with his ears pricked up and an anxious look in his fine eye! He seems to be thinking that one of the sheep wanders a little too far from the rest; and in a moment he will bound away over the green hill-side to drive it gently back again. The black-and-white collie is also keeping a sharp look-out over the sheep feeding below him. He has curled himself round, with his bushy tail over his cold nose, as if about to enjoy a little nap. But his wakeful, watchful eyes are wide open, and he will not close them in sleep till his master returns.

Collies are very clever creatures. They seem to know that sheep are weak and silly, and that they must do their best to guard them from ill; so when left in charge of the flock, they will not allow them to stray near the edges of cliffs, lest they tumble over and hurt themselves, nor to go out of sight for a moment.

COLLIE DOGS.

The shepherd is very happy when he sits among his sheep upon a sunny hill-side with his dogs beside him. Sometimes he takes the Holy Book with him that was once his father's treasure, and perhaps reads from it the words that have given comfort to many: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters." Then closing the old Bible, he fastens the clasp again with a thoughtful look. Perhaps he is thinking of the great love of Jesus the Good Shepherd, and praying that wife, children, and friends may one day be gathered by him into the sweet fold of heaven.







CHILDREN WITH RABBITS.

IT is very sad when a poor rabbit is hungry, and scratches at the door of its hutch, and even gnaws the bars, because a boy or a girl forgets to bring it food. Poor thing! perhaps it can see a heap of new-mown grass in the yard, and smell the sweet scent of the cut clover, but no one gives it a handful for its supper. Alas! to forget is to be cruel.

It is not so with the pretty rabbits in the picture. See how fat and sleek they are! The kind boy and the dear little girl with the curly hair not only love to nurse their tame pets, but to feed them. Every morning and every night they carry them fresh food; and on fine summer evenings, when the red sky glows with clouds of purple and gold, they let the rabbits have a nice run in the yard before they bid them good-night. Then the pretty creatures skip and frisk about with joy, and the children laugh to see what bounds they make in the air.

A little dog with long soft ears always follows his young master into the yard where the rabbits live, but he never offers to harm

CHILDREN WITH RABBITS.

one of them. Sometimes they come quite close to him, and even smell his cold, black nose, but he does not mind it. Most dogs dislike rabbits so much that they snap at them or even kill them if they come near; but Carlo is too well trained to do anything unkind or cruel. When he was quite a puppy he was taught that he must often give up his own way and always obey. And Carlo learned the lesson so well that he does not forget it now he is older.

And if little children would grow up good and loved and happy, they must learn, like the soft-eared dog, to do as they are told. It is not a nice sight to see boys and girls pouting and crying because they cannot always have the things they wish. We once felt sorry to see a rosy-cheeked child with his mouth full of sweetmeats worrying his mother for more. She looked very pale and ill, as if she could scarcely bear the noise he made; but when she told him more would make him sick, he cried with passion. Now Carlo would like a race round the yard after the young rabbits, who eat their supper in peace on the low table under which he lies; but he does not do what he likes, because, though he is only a dog, he has learned to obey. And should a dog behave better than a child?

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF
THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

WHAT a noble dog! No wonder that the children of the house where he lives are fond and proud of him, for Dash is as gentle as he is strong. Sometimes the baby pulls his wavy coat, and even puts her fat finger into his soft brown eye; but though Dash feels the pain, he never grows angry enough even to show his white teeth at her. He seems to think, "She is only a baby, and does not know how she hurts me; and it would be mean indeed to harm a sweet and helpless infant."

Dash is very fond of a swim in the sea, so the children love to take him for a walk on the beach and see him plunge into the waves after the sticks they throw in the water. He is not afraid of a cold bath in the white foam, for he comes fresh and clean out of the surf, and the children laugh and run away from the water which he shakes out of his curly coat. He was never known to stand shivering on the wet stones on the beach, looking at the waves as if he thought, "The water must be very cold to-day, I dare not

A MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

plunge into it." No; in he goes, summer or winter, and always seems the better for his bath. Dash seems to know what some boys and girls forget—that the frequent use of pure water keeps both children and dogs healthy.

Noble Dash has a kind master, who values his faithful dog, and who would not part with him for a pile of silver and gold. He never forgets the day when his fair-haired little Mary was washed by a big wave into the sea as she ran towards her ball, which Tom had thrown into the tide. Dash at the time was lying as if asleep on a heap of sea-weed a short distance off. At the cry of Mary's nurse he bounded away, and in a moment was battling in the midst of the waves. He soon had little Mary's dress held fast in the grip of his strong teeth, and swam bravely with her ashore. Good dog! who could repay him for such a noble deed? Mary's father and mother patted and praised him, and nurse and the children cried over him and hugged him, all dripping as he was from the salt sea; and that night, when little Mary was warmly asleep in her bed, and the household met together at the hour of evening prayer, no one was surprised that Mary's father thanked God that he had made so noble a dumb creature as faithful Dash, who had saved the life of his darling child.



IV



S U S P E N S E.

WHY does that fine hound sit so still, watching at the closed door? He seems to be waiting for his master; and he has an anxious look in his eyes, as if he feared some harm had come to him. How he listens, that he may catch the first far-off sound of his master's step! We trust he may soon hear the firm, well-known tread in the hall—that the closed door may open, and with deep bark he may welcome his master home. If he does not return, the noble dog will perhaps die of grief.

Many a good dog has pined to death through the loss of its master; and we once heard of a faithful creature which died of joy at his owner's return after a long absence. Like the fine hound in the picture, he patiently watched and waited to hear the glad sound of the footstep he knew so well. Day after day and week after week he sat on the top of the flight of steps that led down to the garden gate, looking down the road by which his master went, to catch the first glimpse of him returning home. Months passed away, and still the dog watched and waited; but the master did

SUSPENSE.

not come. One morning the postman brought a letter, and the glad news rang through the house that he would return that day. The dog seemed to guess what the joy of the household meant, and was the first to greet his master when he drove up to the door. He leaped high in the air to lick his owner's face and hands, and cried aloud for gladness. But, alas! both the leaping and the crying were soon at an end. The faithful dog's joy was too great for him to bear, and he dropped dead at his master's feet.

When we read of such love as this, felt by a poor dog for a human being, how strange it seems that brothers and sisters should sometimes show less love for each other than dumb creatures for man! Shall a dog, that knows so little, be so full of love and kindness as to die of joy, and shall boys and girls, who have been taught so much, live to fall out with each other and to give pain? Oh, how can they love each other as they ought when they quarrel sadly? How often a poor nurse gets a bad headache because little children cry and scream, and snatch each other's toys, and will not be good! The nursery should be a place of peace and love, a place of sweet smiles and happy looks and blooming faces; but, alas! it is often a place of tears and strife instead. "Little children, love one another."

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

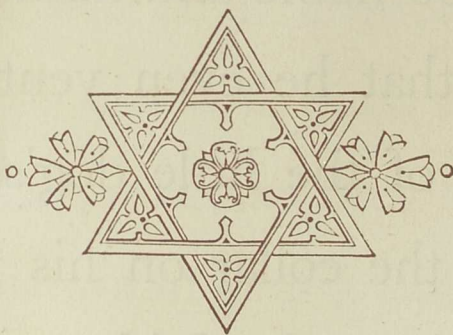
WHAT a bold little terrier! He is not at all afraid of the large hound with the smooth, drooping ears and the big paws, soft as silk, hanging over the front of the kennel. He cannot be afraid, for he has pushed his small self into the kennel beside him; and there he sits, quite at home.

The great hound could kill the small terrier with one snap of his big jaw; but he is too noble and kind to harm a little creature that trusts him so well that he even ventures to sit beside him. Besides, he may be glad of the little dog's company, for he has a heavy chain hanging to the collar on his neck, and so he cannot enjoy freedom and race about the fields, and hunt for rats, like the rough terrier. It is dull work just to go only as far as a chain permits, and the visit of even a small friend may be cheering.

Many a man shut up in a gloomy prison has welcomed the coming of a bright-eyed mouse from its hole in his cell to help him to while away the weary hours. How glad he has felt to see the little creature appear in the corner to eat the crumbs of bread he scattered for it on the floor after his meal. And the handsome

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

hound perhaps would feel very dull if the sharp terrier ceased to come to his big kennel, though the playful little creature might tease him at times by biting his long ears in fun and impudence. A great dog seldom harms a smaller one, just as a big boy with proper feeling would never thrash a little boy.







DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S CHILDREN.

WHY should the tall hound look sad and jealous because his fair young mistress twines a wreath of flowers for the fawn's soft neck? She has patted his head all the way from the fine house on the other side of the Park, and often called him a "good dog;" and now the tall hound does not like it, because the gentle fawn comes to be stroked and patted also.

Silly, selfish fellow! why should he want all the love? What a pity that he cannot be made to understand that his mistress does not love him the less because she loves the fawn also.

The small dog at her feet is not so foolish. He watches with pleasure the lovely Alice wreathing the fawn's neck. He stands up on his hind legs, begging her to add to the wreath the flower he holds between his white teeth. If he could speak he might perhaps say, "Let me be of some little use in the world to-day; let me help to make the fawn happy."

Alice loves all her pets dearly, and though, being the child of rich parents, she never knows what it is to be hungry herself, she takes good care that no dumb creature she owns shall ever suffer from want of food. And she cares also for creatures better than

DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S CHILDREN.

these—the sick and the poor outside the Park gates. Ah! it is very seldom that a young girl or boy studies the wants of dumb animals, and is not also mindful of the need of human creatures.

The tall hound is cross as he leans against the trunk of the old oak, watching his mistress caress the fawn; but he is very happy when he walks in a stately way beside Alice and her young brother, carrying a basket in his mouth filled with nice things for the sick girl in the white cottage by the brook. When the cottage door opens, there is little Nelly propped up in a chair with pillows. She is very pale and thin, but her cheeks flush the colour of a rose as Alice and her young brother enter. She has a bad cough, which keeps her awake at night; and she is often thirsty. And with a bright light in her eyes she looks at the splendid purple grapes which Alice takes out of the basket; for she thinks how nice it will be to have them on the table beside her bed, to eat when her lips are dry. Nelly fades away day by day like a flower. Alice will not see her many more times, smiling in her chair as she enters. The white blinds will soon be drawn down in the cottage windows, to tell that Nelly has gone to a world where “there shall be no more pain.” But Alice will smile through her tears when Nelly’s mother tells her she was her child’s best comfort.

PEACE.

WHAT a lovely scene! How softly the little waves murmur as they wash the strand, for there is scarce a ripple on the blue sea. The tall white cliffs seem to sleep in the summer sunshine, and not a breath of wind disturbs the calm that broods over sea and shore. The dog is fast asleep already, and the sheep and goats have ceased to crop the short grass, and close their eyes to take rest. They need not fear that wind and storm will wake them; for the sky above is clear and blue, and its clouds are few and white and distant. Even the little playful lambs are growing sleepy, though they still strive to peer into the rusty mouth of the old gun, which will never send the dreadful shot whizzing through the air to kill and wound, as it did in olden time. Alas! that horrid war should ever stain the smiling earth with human blood! Well may we look forward to that time of joy when the Prince of Peace shall come to put an end to strife, so that the "nations shall never learn war any more."

A young and pretty child is seated with its parents on the cliff-top, enjoying the sweet air and lovely view; and this small group alone is wakeful. The white-winged gulls are sailing over their

PEACE.

heads in silence, as they watch the little boats gliding with snowy sails over the blue sea below. And father, mother, and child have each a happy look, as if the deep peace lying on all around had also found its way into their hearts. Perhaps they feel what Jesus Christ meant when he spoke of the great gift of *his* peace; and if they have *that*, they may well look happy. For if a man, woman, or child is at peace with God, thunders may roll and lightnings flash, but they cannot disturb the soul's sweet calm.

How wretched is the home from which Peace flies away, through the strife of parents or children. She loves smiles, and pleasant talk, and happy faces, and she cannot stay for a moment where there are angry looks, cross words, and even hasty blows. If Peace looks in at the nursery or schoolroom door, and sees boys and girls quarrelling and fighting, off she goes at once, for she cannot bear the frown on the forehead or the clamour of strife. And the children cannot hope to be happy when Peace has flown. They will have clouds on their brows, tears on their cheeks, and pain at their hearts till she returns. Yet, how shall they get her to come back again? Ah, the best and quickest way to do this is to make up the foolish quarrel as soon as possible. Peace is anxious to return, and all will be smiles and sunshine when she sits among the children once more.







THE PET FAWN.

MARY is up in the morning early. When the thrush is singing his song of joy in the pear-tree, that the sun has once more risen upon the earth, she opens her blue eyes and sits up in her little bed to look at the clock on the wall beside her. If the short hand points to six and the long hand to twelve, she knows she may begin to get up. And when Mary has washed and dressed herself, and thanked God for a good night's sleep, she can go out, if it does not rain, into the garden and the wood, to feed the pretty pets that watch for her coming. The tabby kitten hears her light step on the stair, and as she enters the kitchen springs on her shoulder, purring in her ear, as if saying, "Now, some milk will soon be poured into my saucer." And when Mary is outside the house, the tame rook is sure to fly with loud caw to meet her, asking for the piece of meat her mother put aside for the bird's breakfast the night before.

Oh, how sweet is the wood on a summer morning! There is a lovely spot in it where tall fox-gloves bloom among the ferns under arching trees, and there Mary and her mother often sit, reading and working, when the sun is hot. And to that lovely,

SHOEING THE BAY MARE.

horse, and even sitting there awake when the groom led it out into the yard to be saddled; and one of the wildest cats we ever knew lived happily in a stable, with a horse for her firm friend.

And do not creatures of a higher order, not dumb, also love company? Watch how the little ones romp in crowds in the school play-ground; how the young people cluster round the Christmas fire; and how both younger and elder take "sweet counsel together, and go into the house of God as friends."







BEAUTY'S BATH.

BEAUTIFUL water, clear and cool! Does a little child ever look so sweet as when she comes to kiss you fresh from the healthful bath, where she has had a merry frolic in the midst of tiny waves?

The pretty girl in the picture loves her bath. She does not fear that the water will take the curl from her golden hair, or wash away the roses from her cheeks. She knows that if she is to grow up well and strong she should use plenty of water.

Fido must have his bath also, for no one would care to fondle him if he were not clean. Some little dogs cry when they are going to be washed, and so do some silly children. You cannot reason with a dog, and make him know how good and wholesome it is to be clean; but all children, except babies, can understand how well it is to be often washed. Therefore children should never cry about it. Still there is some excuse for crying if the soap gets into the eye. Every person who washes either a child or a dog ought to be most careful that this does not happen. I believe that many a poor dog that slinks under a bed or a table when he sees the servant getting his bath ready, only tries to hide himself because he dreads the smart which comes from soap rubbed into his eyes. We should be careful not to give needless pain, even to a dog.

BEAUTY'S BATH.

Fido does not look as if he suffered from any such careless treatment. He does not put his tail between his legs when he sees the bath, but wags it instead, for he enjoys the cool water quite as much as his young mistress. Fido has a happy home, and he loves a game of play with the noble dog on the cover of this book, who is never so rough as to hurt him even in sport.

Do you not wish that the poor little children who live in dirty courts and play in the gutters had some of the care and kindness shown to this favoured dog? No one combs their tangled hair—no one washes their little faces, some of which would be so pretty if they were only clean. The lovely flowers are washed by the rain, the shining shells are washed by the sea, and the boys and girls and pet dogs in good houses are washed by servants. But there are many children in the smoky alleys of large towns whom no one washes. Poor things! they need plenty of fresh water, and kind people to see that they use it. Then they would be sweeter than the flowers, as rosy as some sea-shells, and as healthy and comfortable as well-cared-for Fido.

JACK IN OFFICE.

JACK is not a handsome dog, nor is he blessed with a sweet temper; but his master would not exchange him for the finest dog in the town, for Jack can be trusted, and is so useful a creature that his owner cares little that the neighbours call him ugly.

Jack's master gets a living by selling cats' and dogs' meat, which he wheels daily in a barrow through the streets. Every morning his dog watches him closely threading the slices of meat upon wooden skewers, and placing them in a basket. And Jack wags his tail when the basket is filled, for he knows he must go with his master on his rounds to take care of the barrow while he calls at houses that stand back from the road. Jack knows all the cats that will bound out of kitchen areas, with tails up and open mouths mewling, when his master cries "Meat" in the streets; and also every dog which will rush out for its dinner when the house door is opened.

Though he does not like cats, he is never cross to them unless they try to steal the tempting meat from the barrow. If a cat does not keep her proper distance, Jack grins at her till she can see every white tooth in his head, growling all the time. And if his savage look and voice do not frighten her away, he makes a snap at her which sends her flying off with a bushy tail.

JACK IN OFFICE.

Jack is very proud when his master says to him, "Here, sit on the barrow, and take care of everything while I'm away." Dogs of all sorts and sizes may snuff round it with longing looks, but he does not suffer one to touch a morsel of meat. They may lick skewers from which the slices have been taken, but that is all. He places his paws over the chains of the scales, as if he thought, "I should like to see the man or dog who would venture to steal anything my master has set me to watch over." Therefore it is not to be wondered at that Jack's master looks upon his dog as a friend, and feeds him well. He loves him though he is not handsome, because he deserves to be trusted.

I once knew a child who was called Little Trusty. She was not pretty, but she was good, which is better still. Her friends gave her the name of Trusty because she deserved it, for when she was out of their sight she did as they told her, just as if they watched her all the time. Sometimes her mother was obliged to leave her home for the day, that she might get money to buy food for her children by her work; but she went away with a light heart, for she said, "Little Trusty is sure to take care of the baby, and see that he does not hurt himself while I am away."





ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

WHAT a fat, pampered dog! He has just strutted out of the grand house over there, looking as if the ground were not good enough for him to step upon. A troop of dogs gather round him and follow him in his morning walk through the park, eyeing him as if he were a king among them, made only to be waited upon and admired. His name is Aleck, and he is a great pet. Many a hungry child would be glad of the nice food he leaves every day, and of the soft warm bed upon which he sleeps at night.

See, now, he has gone round to the back of the gardener's cottage, where the old dog Di lives in a large tub. He stands still, and looks down upon Di with a glance of scorn, as if thinking, "What a wretched creature you are, Di; quite beneath the notice of a noble fellow like myself!" And all the dogs that follow the pampered pet look as if they thought so too. But Di does not care a straw for Aleck's scorn. He only glances at him with a sneer, which seems to say, "To be vain and over-fed never made a man or a dog truly great. Having all I need, I am content, and just as happy as you are, though I do live in an old tub instead of in a fine mansion."

Had Di known it, he might have told Aleck a story of a wise man in olden time, who also lived in a tub, and would not have

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

changed his house for the grandest mansion in the world. A great king, who was very rich, and lived in a splendid palace, and had many servants to wait upon him, was told how this poor fellow had no home but a tub. And he pitied him, and thought he would go and see if he could not make him more comfortable. So one sunny day he went to see him, and asked the old man if there was anything he could do for him. But he did not appear at all grateful for the kind offer, and answered, "Only stand out of my light." And so the king went away, thinking how strange it was that a wise man could be content to live and die in an old tub, and not care even to accept a favour from a great prince.

We are wrong if we think that all the people who live in fine houses, and have rich food to eat and soft beds to sleep upon, and as much money to spend as they choose, must therefore always be happy. If a rich man does not love and fear God, all his gold will not make him truly happy. Better to be poor and eat coarse food and lie on hard beds, and be happy with God for our friend, than to be rich and unhappy without him.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

ROUGH is happy now,—happier than he has been for many a day, though there is not so much as a bone in his dish, nor even a handful of straw in the old tub where he will soon lie down to rest. For Rough is home again; and though that home is only a bare barrel, it is the dearest place he knows on earth.

Poor dog! all his trouble came from his love of killing rats. One day his master had a visit from an old friend, who spoke about the fine fowls he had at home, and said that as soon as the chickens were hatched, rats came at night and stole them one by one. Rough's master told his friend that his good dog would not allow a rat to visit his house or his stable, and he would gladly lend him for a month to catch the thieves that stole the chickens.

So, much against his will, Rough was taken some distance from home and placed in a yard among some grand fowls and ducks, not one of which he tried to harm. He had plenty to eat and drink, and a nice kennel with sweet hay in it. He soon caught the rats that did the mischief; and when his master's friend saw them lying dead in the yard, he patted Rough's head and said, "Good dog." But Rough was not happy; for he could not forget the old tub at home, where he had spent so many pleasant hours.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

And he longed to be there again; for how could a new friend, however kind he might be, be so dear as an old one?

And so one day, when a man came into the yard and left the door open, Rough darted out and ran home as fast as his legs would carry him. The month was not nearly gone, but Rough's master was very pleased to see his dog back, and to hear him bark and cry for joy as he came near the gate. He will be sure to see that faithful Rough soon has water and food given him, and also clean straw in his barrel, and the dog will have a happy night in the old tub, feeling "there is no place like home."





